

# Chapter 13 (Rich Man vs. Poor Man)

## Common

Intro whispering:

Let's talk about money

Get money

Common Sense want the money

Let's talk about money.

Common Sense:

I... be... the one they call Peavey

I'm Poe as Edgar Allen

But I'm a poet when I'm freestylin

Ynot:

You got a design masterwind Not Never The Less

Fresh like L addresss yes the LS's here

I appear on piers with my peers

The Imperial like margerin, I'm butter

Yes like Bel-Air

Common Sense:

Lookin' at my fake Gucci, it's about that time

It's time for some perculator

I circulate around the block

Black to get me a six pack a half of Harrow's chicken

A good combination, when I get bubbly I do it in moderation

1 brew, 1 brew, I said 1 brew at a time

Ynot:

Well I'm a two timer of women that'll 3 times a lady

Ms. Haiti say Sade and my Ms.Golper say

"Yo whoop there it is" call me E cause I equal MC's squared

In the bed marks know I got the key to get the girls

Noses open like the vapors, more pub than the papers

More papers than the press, oh yes I gets paid

Common Sense:

Yo, I didn't grow grow up po po but once you get grown and out on your  
own

Bills upon bills upon bills is what you have

Before you get your check then you already spend half

See I make money, money doesn't make me

I'm a reflection of my section and section 8

Ynot:

Enough, I own 8 sections of the world, where I'm sexin' 8 girls

Where I have 'em comin' in (ugh) 8 seconds

I told Victoria her Secret you suck life Seacrest

I Ultrawhite my secretery, I went to Tibet

To bet on a horse you bet your life

Mine was better and now you're deader, than a (door knob) eeea wrong

Hook:

Ynot:

So what's your name?

Common Sense:

I'm the Com that wrote Com Sense, and when I don't got scratch  
I do feel tense, and if you give your papers to a broad youse a dummy

Ynot:

Cause without the money  
"Ain't a damn thing funny" (X3)

Ynot:

These rhymes I exchange like stock, I'm live like stock  
I rock like Prudential, making ha ha from Zero  
That's mucho denereo, like Robert Denereo, I rob Berts denereo  
A hero like the sandwich, a man which has mills like Stephanie Mills  
Dills like pickels, I'm fancy man like tickles LIKE (the french)  
Not Johnny but like a Bench I press on like glue  
I stand like Lee while you stagger like Lee (Ha!)  
Most likely I'll gagger that bullish I pull ish like a magnet  
A dragnet, I don't drag I gets net income, yo bums I rush like  
adrenaline  
I'm royal when I flush, your highest hush will get mushed like a  
sleigh dog  
I slay dogs who are under me, I over man, call me Doverman  
Cause I'm a Pincher of pennies that's pretty, then you see green from  
all money  
I spend (what you do?) I stay fresh like mint from mint  
I meant my mint, know what I mean? I'm nice  
Real friendly like an officer, friendly and a gentleman  
Friendly like neighbors, not Jim but like Homer I got high salute, attention salute  
I kill loot but won't dilute, even if I threw garbage on the ground  
I couldn't pollute, man, I'm too rich for that, Biiitch

Hook:

Common Sense:

So what's your name?

Ynot:

I'm Ynot I own a mansion and a yacht (uh ha)  
I got essentials and credentials and honeys at my feet (come on)  
And when I walk the street I'm never looking bummy

Common Sense:

Cause without the money  
"Ain't a damn thing funny"

Common Sense:

Ok there was a black man a white man and a chinese man  
The black man of course he was po (yeah)  
The white man. He was rich (uh ha)  
And the chinese man, he owned a store (alright c'mon)  
Ok the black man lived on Beech Street  
The white man lived on Wall Street

And at the chinese man's store is where they all meet  
Not really on the good foot  
Because the white man kept steppin' on the black man's toes  
And in his shoes there were holes  
But the white man didn't care, shit, he didn't have to wear it (uh ha)  
He scratched that pad he got from his parents, with his tight ass  
He would have been poor white trash, but anyway  
Everyday the blackman would ask for some spare change  
But Adam, the white man would stare strange  
So the black man got fed up  
cause wasn't nobody feedin' him and feedin' him  
And took red by his neck and started beatin' him and beatin' him  
The chinese man got noyd and broke out like a peon  
And now the black man own the store and the name of it is Leons  
(what's that?)  
Barbeque that is. Rib tips hotsuace, mild sauce, fries  
Hook:  
Common Sense:  
So what's your name?  
Ynot:  
I'm Ynot I own a mansion and a yacht (uh ha)  
I got essentials and credentials and honeys at my feet (come on)  
And when I walk the street I'm never looking bummy  
Common Sense:  
Cause without the money  
"Ain't a damn thing funny"

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>